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ONE of the few divisions of Mr. Hughes's speech in which he made a positive personal contribution to current political discussion was that in which he dealt with votes for women. His handling of this issue was original and statesmanlike, and it will have substantial permanent effect upon the ultimate success of the suffrage agitation. For the first time, the official candidate for the Presidency of one of the two dominant political parties expressly recognizes the inevitability of votes for women. Neither does he fear or hesitate to accept the manifest political consequence of his confidence in the justice and success of the suffrage cause. Once it is admitted that votes not only should, but *must* be granted to women, the agitators for women's suffrage can concentrate their energy upon contriving and using the most effective means of accomplishing the inevitable result. The declaration by Mr. Hughes of his "clear" conviction "that in the interest of the public life of this country the contest should be ended promptly" can mean only one thing. The one way of ending the contest promptly is the passage of an amendment to the Constitution, incorporating votes for women into the national political structure. Mr. Hughes has helped to deliver the suffrage agitation from the heart-breaking task of overcoming bit by bit male indifference, inertia, stupidity and reluctance in all the states in the union. He has nationalized the suffrage agitation, and if he is elected the prestige of the presidential office is bound to be exerted in favor of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

SUFFRAGISTS are disappointed because Mr. Hughes did not refer to the Federal amendment in his speech at Carnegie Hall. They should remember his situation. He was formally accepting the nomination of a party which had in its platform admitted the "justice" of the suffrage agitation, but which had declared its complete indifference as to the ultimate success of the just cause. He could hardly be expected on this particular occasion to expose uncompromisingly the political cowardice and inconsistency of the platform on which he was running. On the following day he cleared up any possible ambiguity about his own opinion. He has used words in advocacy of woman's suffrage which constitute a complete justification for attaining the goal by the shortest and easiest road. He indicated clearly and emphatically his own opinion that if women are obliged to travel the longer and harder road they will be driven to convert suffrage into an exclusive political issue. They will be forced to make it impossible for a party or a political leader which does not help them to reach their end, to maintain political power. And by advocating the prompt ending of the contest he incidentally justifies the adoption of aggressive measures in case the contest is not ended promptly. Those inferences from his preliminary utterance, which he himself failed to draw, he can easily be instigated to draw in his subsequent utterances. It remains for the suffragists to reap the greatest possible political benefit from his overture.

WHEN the blacklist of American firms with whom British citizens were forbidden to trade was first published, the Washington dispatches prophesied the adoption by the administration of a new attitude towards the latest illustration of

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British violence to American rights and interests. Not only would the usual protest be uttered, but it would be enforced by the threat of retaliation. Subsequently explanations as to the scope of the blacklist made by the British government took a great deal of the aggressiveness out of the attitude of the administration. But something had to be done, because it was committed to the sending of a protest of unusual solemnity. The result is the note of July 26th, in which all the resources of the lexicon of diplomatic rhetoric are employed to impress the British Foreign Office with the reality of the American grievance. Yet the effect of the protest is none the less unreal. In reciting the losses which Americans will suffer as a consequence of the blacklist the official protestant has depended too much on conjecture. He does not prove that specific discriminations have taken place or will take place, but that they "are likely" to occur or that so "it appears." A weak ending to the note naturally follows from such a beginning. The American government could not threaten to retaliate because of hypothetical grievances. The new note, like those which have preceded it, merely begins a diplomatic discussion, which will necessarily be prolonged because the two governments are divided not only on underlying principles, but apparently on their understanding of the facts. In the meantime, the blacklist is actually accomplishing its full measure of damage.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has not had in the past any objection to the manner in which the administration has handled its controversies with Great Britain. We were obliged both to get and keep our protests against violations of customary law into the record and to avoid any attempt to drive those protests home. But the blacklist is a more formidable matter than an irregular blockade or a stretching of the definition of contraband. If the list is going to have the result which the American note of July 26th says it may have, it will destroy a large amount of neutral trade in order to suppress a small amount of German trade, and it will be more specifically effective in preventing German trade from recovering at the end of the war than in suppressing it during the war. Such being the case a sterner protest was justified, but in order to justify the sternness of the protest the case itself should be at least partially established. The government should not have depended on what "is likely" to occur, but at least upon some evidence as to what has occurred or is certain to occur. And in so far as such evidence cannot be obtained, in so far as the blacklist is contrived as an engine of commercial terrorism, whose effects would necessarily be conjectural, the possibility of its being so used should be expressly discriminated from the less offensive service to which it is ordinarily and in part justifiably put. In this instance, that is, the American protest should seek to accomplish an immediate rather than a remote result. It is inadequate and objectionable because instead of being adapted to accomplish such a result it will merely initiate another prolonged diplomatic argument.

ON July 24th, 1915, the Eastland capsized at her dock in the Chicago river and more than eight hundred persons were drowned. What has the federal government done to fix responsibility and to safeguard life? Miss Edith Wyatt has answered these questions in the Chicago *Tribune*. On July 28th, 1915, the President assured the *Tribune* through Mr. Tumulty "that he fully appreciates the importance of the whole incident and will see to it that the investigation is thorough enough to satisfy everybody." Mr. Tumulty's note ended thus: "He wishes me also to say that he has already seen to this, and that nothing will be omitted to bring forth all the facts and to fix the responsibility." Writing to the President on August 10th, 1915, Secretary Redfield said he had "given assurances that as soon as possible in the fall a searching inquiry will be made into the whole administration of the steamboat inspection service, under the supervision of the navy department and the public, so that there shall be no question of its impartial character." These assurances sounded as if the federal government meant business. As promises both President Wilson's words and Secretary Redfield's left nothing to be desired except performance.

THE actual performance, so far as Miss Wyatt has been able to find out, amounts to this: The United States statutes require every steamboat accident which causes loss of life or property to be investigated by the local board of steamboat inspectors. Secretary Redfield asked five outsiders to serve unofficially with this board so that the inquiry should not be merely an investigation of the inspection service by the inspection service. On August 5th, 1915, this joint board sent Secretary Redfield a report containing this statement: "Not having completed our investigation, we are not prepared at this time to express an opinion as to who is to blame, nor what agencies contributed to the capsizing of the steamer Eastland." Since this statement was made the board has never met. It recommended to Congress certain changes in existing laws. Congress has not yet made any of these changes. Another inquiry ordered by Secretary Redfield had for its object "to determine what, if anything, was needed to improve the steamboat inspection service upon the great lakes." This inquiry was conducted by a special committee of super-

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vising steamboat inspectors. In the only report they have made thus far nothing is said about the causes of the Eastland disaster. There has been no serious attempt by the federal government "to bring forth all the facts and to fix the responsibility." There has been no investigation "under the supervision of the navy department and the public." The federal government has promised much and done almost nothing. It has acted as if it did not take the Eastland disaster very seriously.

EXCEPT to Colonel Roosevelt and to Mr. Hopkins, state chairman of the New Jersey Progressives, it does not matter much which of the two has the better memory of their rather ancient talk. Even if Colonel Roosevelt did say in private what he would not have said in public, and even if he has completely forgotten his words, his experience would be like that of nearly all mankind. Most of us are first indiscreet and secondly forgetful of our indiscretions. Most of us are made that way. The only present interest of the controversy is in its contribution to knowledge of Colonel Roosevelt's outlook upon life. Writing to Mr. Hopkins he says, "it has become an axiom of honorable conduct among gentlemen that such [private] conversations are not to be quoted. A man who quotes them is very rarely honorable, and a man who is not honorable is very rarely truthful." Colonel Roosevelt's categories are a good deal simpler than those which closer observers have more trouble in making. In his world there is not much room for the dishonorable man who always repeats private talk as accurately as he can, confident that by trying to stick to the truth he can kick up the biggest row.

WHEN the public learned that Frank A. Munsey had bought *The Sun* the public wondered which would alter more, *The Sun* or Mr. Munsey. It is still too early to say, but the evidence is beginning to come in. The day after the Hughes notification speech a *Sun* headline read: "Notables in Boxes to Hear Mr. Hughes." The article underneath began like this: "Among those in the boxes at the Hughes notification meeting were: In Mrs. Charles E. Hughes's box— . . . In Colonel Roosevelt's box— . . . In Frank A. Munsey's box— . . . Other occupants of boxes were . . . " Mr. Munsey's name did not lead all the rest. Three box-holders out of a possible—how many?—were specified, and of these three Mr. Munsey was placed last, just before the mere "other occupants." . . . Yes, it is still too early to say which will change more, Mr. Munsey or *The Sun*, but perhaps it is not too early to say that at the present moment Mr. Munsey has not changed beyond recognition.

THE Liberal party in Canada has adopted national systems of health and unemployment insurance together with maternity and old-age pensions as part of its program for the election which takes place immediately after this war comes to a close. The peculiar position of the party system in Canada makes it practically inevitable that the Conservative party will take similar action. The relation of this policy to our own problem must not be ignored. Canada, industrially, has not yet reached the same level of organization as ourselves. If she is able, while commercially in the infancy of her development, to adopt a complete system of protective labor legislation, the reaction on this country is bound to be serious. There will be a scarcity of men after the war. The workers will not unnaturally turn to the country which affords them the most adequate safeguards. It is fairly certain that one of the big problems of reconstruction on the American continent will be the opening-out, on a larger and more thoughtful scale, of the Canadian west; it is in this way that Canada hopes to bear her burden of the war's cost. For that purpose she will take all the labor she can obtain, and it is not unlikely that she will find this country a fairly fruitful source of supply unless we take measures to balance her economic foresight by a policy of economic wisdom on her own part. Measures like shorter hours and the minimum wage have become simply the condition of our industrial development.

THE Detroit *Free Press* is very angry at THE NEW REPUBLIC for pointing out that the victims of infantile paralysis are almost all poor and that the centers of the epidemic are in the slums of Brooklyn and New York. The *Free Press* informs us:

> The worst curse of the poor is the incessant reminder of their miseries they get from ignorant butters-in. . . . Anyone who has been downright poor himself knows there is just about the same proportion of happiness and unhappiness in the slums as there is in wealthy and middle-class neighborhoods —until the well meaning meddler comes along and puts into the minds of the poor the suggestion of many troubles that would not be thought of otherwise.

Our guess is that the mothers in New York whose children are threatened with infantile paralysis because they cannot afford to take the children to the mountains and segregate them from dangerous contact need no meddler to suggest their troubles to them. But perhaps they read the Detroit *Free Press* and feel that their children are immune.

GOVERNMENTS, according to tradition, are such bunglers in business that they ought to keep hands off except in the event of direct national need. But what shall we say of the exploits of the British government in regulating sugar

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prices, upon which the national salvation can hardly be said to rest? Mr. Donald of the London *Chronicle* in an interview given to the New York *Times,* now republished in Sir Gilbert Parker's British publicity service, tells us exactly what was done. Immediately upon the outbreak of the war the British government proceeded quietly to corner as much of the world's sugar supply as the national consumption required. Over $86,400,000 was invested at once in raw sugar stocks. Since then the government has been the sole importer, selling at fixed prices to refiners and establishing the price to be charged by wholesalers and retailers, in such a way as to give anybody a fair profit and no more. As a result the government has been able to take a revenue of $3.36 out of every hundred weight of sugar, making a total of $33,600,000 a year, and at the same time the consumer pays less for sugar than in any other belligerent country, or in most neutral countries. Yet people persist in believing that unrestrained private interest effects the best conceivable relations between producer and consumer.

The Hughes Acceptance

MR. HUGHES had complicated work to do last Monday at Carnegie Hall. There was the usual task of the candidate, which is to be all things to sufficiently many men, and added to it the inner necessity, more imperative to Mr. Hughes than to most, of being true to his own instincts. He had to represent the Roosevelt propaganda, the Republican party's desire to win, and his personal relations to American politics. He managed with considerable skill to find the least common denominator of all three.

Mr. Roosevelt sat in a box, and scattered through the hall were many who still wanted Teddy. The élan was there. They had the vision of a powerful government, an active nationalism, an heroic mood, universal service, open sympathy for the Allies. They waited to be thrilled, they wished to taste of glory, they felt aggressive and red-blooded and very male. On the platform and elsewhere was the substance of the Republican party—Senator Harding, sleek, genial and meaningless, Senator Warren of the Wyoming army post, a strange apostle of preparedness, Reed Smoot, tall and stolid and near-sighted, Prendergast, a perpetual peroration, Murray Crane, benevolent and approving. To them Mr. Hughes was not the restorer of American honor. He was the nominee of the Republican party in convention assembled. Then there was Mr. Hughes himself, dominated by a powerful instinct of workmanship, and a moral passion for a job well done; by temperament no partisan in the Harding sense, and no hero in the Roosevelt sense.

To speak out, to harmonize these three political impulses and produce something which would go in a campaign where there are to be won women's votes, workingmen's votes, business men's votes, pro-Ally votes, pro-German votes, was Mr. Hughes's task. No amount of belief in his candor can obscure the fact that Mr. Hughes wrote his speech with all these elements in mind, that he spoke not merely as his heart dictated, but as he imagined the Republican candidate for President of the United States was expected to speak. It was a sincere, carefully planned compromise between conviction and necessity.

The basis of the compromise was obvious. Mr. Hughes made anti-Wilsonism the issue. It was the easiest and most natural thing to do. Anti-Wilsonism is the only common factor of the Roosevelt following, the Republican machine, the active pro-Ally sympathizers, the pro-Germans, and Mr. Hughes's own passion for efficiency. Hammer Mr. Wilson and you satisfy Mr. Roosevelt, or at least you prevent him from hammering you; you satisfy the machine which wishes to control the government; you satisfy the war parties who don't like the President though for opposite reasons; and you satisfy your own integrity by pointing out the administrative weakness, the vacillation and the poor technique of the Wilson diplomacy. Anti-Wilsonism is of necessity the Republican issue. Not only is it the one way of uniting all the discontented; it is also the way of avoiding any dangerous commitment on any issue which will seriously divide the Republican vote. Thus Mr. Hughes by making his attack very vigorous could ignore Mr. Roosevelt's wishes about Belgium and universal service, could avoid the ultimate desires of the pro-Ally voters by coupling the maintenance of trade rights against Great Britain with rights in Mexico and against Germany, could ignore the need of stating a positive policy in Mexico by stating with great force the grievances of those who wanted Huerta, those who want intervention, those who are distressed at the plight of the National Guard on the Texas border.

Above all, anti-Wilsonism is a splendid outlet for Mr. Hughes's genuine and noble passion for administration. He could speak from his deepest convictions and with damaging effect when he dwelt upon Mr. Wilson's general record of appointments. The best promise, the most direct insight of Mr. Hughes's whole equipment was revealed here. He spoke with the passion of a man who knows that all laws and all policies depend on the quality of the men who execute them, and the splendid Hughes tradition reinforced his words.

But when he looked forward into the future he

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fell into pious words and utter vagueness. Though he devoted thirty minutes of his speech to Mexico, no one knows to-day what his Mexican policy would be. It would be firm and friendly, he said, but we are none the wiser. He devoted about ten minutes to the European war, said our isolation was ended, and never indicated even in the barest outline the nature of the foreign policy which is to supplant isolation. He spoke of the economic struggle after the war, and the only specific item he offered was a good old-fashioned protective tariff. The real economic problem which peace will bring, the problem of a world divided into economic alliances, the most portentous problem of our own and the world's future, he, the man who would have to deal with it, never even mentioned. Great is efficiency, and firmness is a necessary virtue, but others have been both efficient and firm—yet they have not necessarily been wise. A statesman asking us to place with him the great trust of the Presidency must do more than tell us he would do well whatever he did. He must give some hint at least of what he would do so well.

This avoidance of any dangerous commitment for the future is due not only to Mr. Hughes's difficult task of uniting the anti-Wilson vote. It is due in part to a native quality of his mind, which the speech revealed impressively. Go behind any one of the subjects he treated, with the exception perhaps of woman suffrage, and you find a commonplace set of assumptions. He assumed, for example, that our foreign policy rests on the maintenance of legal rights "everywhere." A little reflection will show this to be a hollow position, for not all "rights" are of equal value, nor can all of them be maintained at the same time. No practical statesman ever upheld all national rights. Every statesman has dealt with something greater than rights, that is to say with his conception of national policy and interest. He has subordinated the rights of individual citizens to the future of his country's international relations. It is mere legal dogmatism and diplomatic naïveté to talk of rights as if they were absolute. To approach the delicate Mexican question with such ramshackle intellectual ideas is to do just what Mr. Wilson has done with his legal fiction about Mexican sovereignty. To approach the problems of European politics with an infatuation for rights is to do worse than Mr. Wilson has done, for in his action, if not in his words, the President has practised a differential neutrality. Mr. Wilson has seen that our rights against Germany and against the Allies are of unequal value, not only because one involves lives and the other property, but because America's future is bound up with the issues of the war.

Mr. Hughes has not yet justified the faith of liberals. Dominant Americanism, whatever that may be, remains a phrase and a hand-me-down from Mr. Roosevelt. No policy for the nation's future gives content to it. The serious question of the relations between labor and capital, a question which peace will exasperate, Mr. Hughes left in the complete darkness of mere goodwill. All that stands out is an able indictment, not always imaginative, and a demonstration that Mr. Hughes understands the meaning of administration.

It is not enough. The vote for President has become so significant under our system of government that it amounts almost to the election of a dictator for four years. We trust our future to the President practically without effective check or criticism upon him. For that reason the American people cannot be satisfied with an exhibition of honesty and a bend toward efficiency. They have to know the main lines of policy which inspire the arbiter of their destiny. They cannot take even Mr. Hughes on faith. They cannot trust him merely because he builds up a strong indictment in cool deliberation after the facts. For if he becomes President he will be dealing with the present and the future.

Voting for President

ONCE every four years the American people seize the opportunity afforded by the presidential campaign to indulge in a prolonged feverish and enervating debauch. The outbreak stands alone in their political life. Ordinarily they waste very little excitement or sentiment on politics. They have to vote so frequently, for so many insignificant offices and on so many futile occasions that voting has become cheap. It has become an operation hardly more thrilling or perturbing than that of smoking a cigar. But in this exceptional instance the infusion of water into the voting privilege has not availed to diminish its value. There has been conferred upon the American voter the opportunity of casting one vote of transcendent importance. The Presidency has been increasing in size until it is now probably the most powerful political office established by any modern system of government. In seizing the occasion offered by a presidential campaign to break into an orgy of political excitement American voters are only allowing their feelings to rise and effervesce in sympathetic commotion with the tremendous hazards, temptations, doubts and certainties of casting a vote for a presidential candidate.

Although our American constitutions were framed largely for the purpose of preventing the concentration of too much power in the hands of one man or one body of men, all the precautions

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adopted by the fathers have not sufficed to prevent what they most feared from taking place. An American President who is large enough to cope with the opportunities of his office can do more individually to mould the political behavior of his fellow countrymen and the destinies of his country than can the Russian Czar or the German Kaiser. He is, to be sure, circumscribed by a comprehensive group of constitutional restrictions from which they are free, but the limitations upon his authority are formal and its prerogatives are substantial. During his briefer term of office he can drink deeper than they of the actual sources of political power. An absolute monarch must always be to a very considerable extent the accomplice of a permanent bureaucratic machine and the mouthpiece of an authoritative national tradition. A Kaiser is a figurehead for kaiserism. But the power of an American President is to a much larger extent personal. His cabinet is composed of clerks. Even if a permanent, independent and self-willed bureaucracy is coming, it has yet to be organized. The country is governed less by authoritative traditions than by a fluid and immediate public opinion, and all conditions are conspiring to confer on the President a prodigious influence on the formation of public opinion. The American people are more than ever a newspaper democracy. The President is obliged to be a newspaper hero. Whatever he does or says is unexceptionable and incomparable news. The vague and changing national tradition permits him to mould popular ideas and guide popular impulses. He can use as an instrument the most insidious and pervasive vehicle of publicity which ever pervaded the highways of a national mind. His fellow countrymen in so far as they cannot be converted into accepting his leadership can be hypnotized into failing to oppose it.

The President's opportunity of informing and dominating American political life has been much enhanced by recent changes in the nature and relative importance of American foreign policy. In this region his legal authority is unusually extensive. The nation's official diplomatic agents are responsible to him. His position as commander-in-chief of the army and the navy has in the past been of minor importance except during war; but when the army consists of 500,000 trained soldiers and the navy is large enough to upset the balance of international maritime power, these prerogatives begin to wear a royal aspect. While he cannot declare war or make peace, the formulation of the foreign policy which may inevitably involve the country in war is being confided very largely to him. Until recently foreign policy was the phase of American politics about which there was least controversy. It was dictated by specific and authoritative instead of by a fluid and uncertain condition. But now that American isolation has passed and the situation of the United States demands rather a positive and a dangerous than a negative and safe policy, a really colossal responsibility has been imposed on the man who happens to be President. He alone has complete access to the sources of knowledge upon which action must be conditioned. He alone has the authority to act, when action is necessary. He alone can override congressional opposition and force public opinion to accept his decisions. Mr. Wilson's success in his fight with Congress over armed merchantmen is a significant demonstration of the extraordinary power which has been lodged in the Presidency as a result of the novel problems and crises of American foreign affairs. In its relation with other countries the President incontestably and almost exclusively speaks and acts for the whole nation.

The transformation of the American President into a potentate has been the occasion of many misgivings and apprehensions. It is urged that the American people are putting too many of their political eggs in one basket. They are erecting their Chief Magistrate into a plausible imitation of a dictator. They are allowing their presidential election to assume certain characteristics of a plebiscite, which confers on the successful candidate a general license to govern the country. The system, it is said, of presidential government will not work. No one man can measure up to the size of a President's job. He cannot at the same time be sufficiently capable as a leader, an administrator, a negotiator, a law-giver, and a publicity agent. He would not have the time even if he had the ability. Neither can a voter cast a discriminating vote for an office which requires of its incumbent the performance of such varied and exacting tasks. He would be turning the government largely over to one man; and in so doing he could only be gambling upon the chance of getting the kind of government in which he believed. His support could amount to nothing but an expression of general confidence.

There is much force in these misgivings and apprehensions. The President is being asked to do more than one man or many men can do properly, and the Presidency is in danger of being transformed into an over-loaded and unmanageable political office—one which might become an offense in the hands of an overbearing man and a nuisance in the hands of a weak man. But talk about dictatorships and plebiscites is an exaggeration. The American nation has the qualities as well as the defects of a newspaper democracy. Its Presidency is an excessively exacting office, only because it has become the indispensable mouthpiece of na-

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tional public opinion. Certain essential aspects of his power are as much dependent on popular confidence as the power of the British Cabinet is dependent on the confidence of the House of Commons. Without the support derived from public opinion and renewed, if not from day to day, at least from month to month, his ability to initiate and to govern would be pared down within narrow limits. Even his express constitutional prerogatives would be sterilized by the want of public support. A dangerous or incompetent but unpopular President could do many kinds of damage; but he could not undermine American institutions. The Presidency obtained its recent accessions of power only in response to a genuine need of national leadership. Its transformation does not indicate that the American democracy is no longer capable of self-government, and it does not call for condemnation, opposition and reaction. What it does call for is analysis, understanding and an improved organization.

The real difficulties and dangers of the situation do not arise from the transformation of the Presidency into a great representative institution. They arise from the failure to transform the other political institutions, associated with the Presidency, into more serviceable associates of that high office and more effective checks upon the possible abuses of its power. A chief executive who is responsible for formulating and initiating the foreign and domestic policy of a government needs to be surrounded by advisers who are something better than clerks and who are themselves independently representative of certain phases of organized opinion. The cabinet members can obtain the quality of being independently representative only by sitting in the legislative body and by securing some independence of position as a consequence of their influence on Congress.

But the really formidable difficulty is Congress itself and the system of local partisan organization which Congress chiefly represents. The President, no matter how strong he is in popular confidence, is obliged to govern by means of a party and by means of a majority in Congress. Yet these party organizations and congressional majorities are always seeking to nullify one essential phase of a successful system of presidential government. They always insist on retaining ultimate direction of the administration of the national business and the national laws. They will yield anything to a President except their control over finance and over the appointment of upper administrative officials. Thus Presidents can neither dispense with the congressional party machine nor depend on it for loyal service and independent counsel. It hampers him grievously in the practical work of administration which should be lodged entirely in the hands of the executive. But it does not supply an effective organ of independent or disinterested criticism and advice. Presidents, no matter how able and well meaning they are, will certainly fail to live up to the needs of the office unless they are supplied with really expert assistance and really independent counsel. And they will never get it until some President is willing to sacrifice his legislative program and his party popularity to the supremely important work of emancipating presidential government from the handicap of disloyal and defective instruments, and restoring to congressional government its proper function of independent review, criticism and discussion.

Toward Labor's Power

> "How can the poor get rid of this meekness which is their curse? How can we best help them to revolt? Will not THE NEW REPUBLIC shed some light on this question which it itself has raised?"—New York *Call*, July 23rd, 1916.

THE "damned wantlessness" of the poor has long puzzled idealists. They know from experience how senseless is the fear of conservatives that the Have-Nots, as they are called in such prophecies, will rise up and despoil the Haves. Realizing that the poor have every justification for envy, men of property imagine that it is only the police and the machine gun which protect them. Socialists like the editors of the *Call* know better now. They have tried for generations to raise a revolt among the poor, but with very little success. For the socialist, following the conservative, has imagined that since the workers of the world have little to lose "but their chains" and have a world to win, all you had to do was to agitate and a revolution would ensue. They have wondered why the poor, with the most obvious interest in a radical redistribution of wealth, and with the power of their numbers, do not compel a change. What is it that keeps society conservative? A complete answer is of course impossible, but a few suggestions occur to us.

First, although the wage-earners as a whole have a general common interest in a radical change, no one has yet formulated specific measures which do not divide the working class. The socialist platform, for example, advocates the nationalization of railroads, but the railroad brotherhoods are not friends of the scheme. They know that a government service inevitably limits the right to strike; they know that they personally have more to gain by high wages plus high rates won by their own economic power; they believe quite rightly that there would be a serious struggle between the mass

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of workers as consumers demanding low rates and the railway men's interest in the increase of wages. This is only one example out of an infinite number bearing on the truth that the solidarity proclaimed by socialist theory does not exist in fact.

The craft and sectional divisions in the labor movement are a corollary of this. A strongly entrenched union, based on skill, exclusiveness, race discrimination, high fees and so on, has too much to lose by solidarity, and the gain is so vague and so far away that the union holds on for grim life and scorns revolutionary action. The craft spirit will not be destroyed while it is so profitable. Not only does it make unified action difficult, but the policy of exclusion prevents the organization of the great mass of non-unionists.

The leadership of labor is another factor in its impotence. There are two general classes of leaders. There is the machine kind, the men who by manipulation, patronage, and small tactics of all kinds control the union, and regard it as a vested interest. It represents their living, their power, their interest in life. It enables them to bargain with politicians, and to be somebodies of importance. The type has variations all the way from the leader who will risk nothing for fear of disrupting the union to the labor skate and grafter who uses his power to exploit everybody, his followers, the employer, and the government. The honest conservative type is represented by Mr. Gompers, a man whose wisdom takes the form of trying to keep what the American Federation of Labor has, who makes cautious advances, avoids dangerous issues, and bolsters up the conservatism of age and power with a kind of whig liberalism dating from the England of 1850.

The other great type of labor leader is the orator. He is always more radical in what he says, but he has proved himself rather ineffective in the labor movement. When his spell is removed, no organization remains. The workers have been temporarily exalted and the relaxation which follows is deadly. The I. W. W. consisted of about ninety-five per cent of orators, and the I. W. W. to-day is nothing but a tradition. In the socialist movement the two types are very evident. The machine which controls the party organization is rigid and conservative beyond description. It persecutes for heresy, it puts only " organization men " in power, it has an " ultimate ideal " but no immediate program which it will fight for sufficiently to make any one notice it. And then there are the socialist orators, sometimes magazine writers like Benson, but oftener ex-ministers fond of their own voices, and with a streak of vanity in them which makes them incapable of organizing the unions for effective and continuous political action.

Another factor in the comparative impotence of labor radicalism is the press of which the *Call* is itself an example. It is edited by men who are very unskilled in their own trade. They know little of the prejudices and habits of mind of the people they try to persuade, and the result is daily, unnecessary irritation. They disrupt, often without knowing they disrupt, because they haven't that shrewd sense of their public which a good journalist must have. Then, too, they have no interest in the truth. The *Call* is as untrustworthy as the Hearst papers. Its news columns don't even pretend to objective reporting. The *Call's* bias is so obvious that its opinions are discounted by all who do not already share them. We do not imagine that any paper can achieve ideal truthfulness. The underlying bias counts, and probably should count. But a paper which wishes to convince people must as a matter of policy, if for no other reason, create a fund of goodwill and trust in its own honesty, and that the socialist daily press has failed to do. When you read, for example, that Mayor Mitchel is " the spottiest man for miles around, he loafed while Ghetto children died, but when the plague hit Riverside," etc., etc., you know that the *Call* is ready to call black white if it feels like it.

The task of organizing and unifying labor is in itself supremely difficult. The task of shaping its policy so that it may not flare out in futile insurrection, but shall become a powerful, continuous pressure upon society for its own reform, is absolutely fundamental to human progress. Middle-class reformers cannot do it, though they can do much to adapt the law, prepare public opinion, and shape programs which translate into results the pressure of labor. But the organization and direction of that pressure must be generated in the working class.

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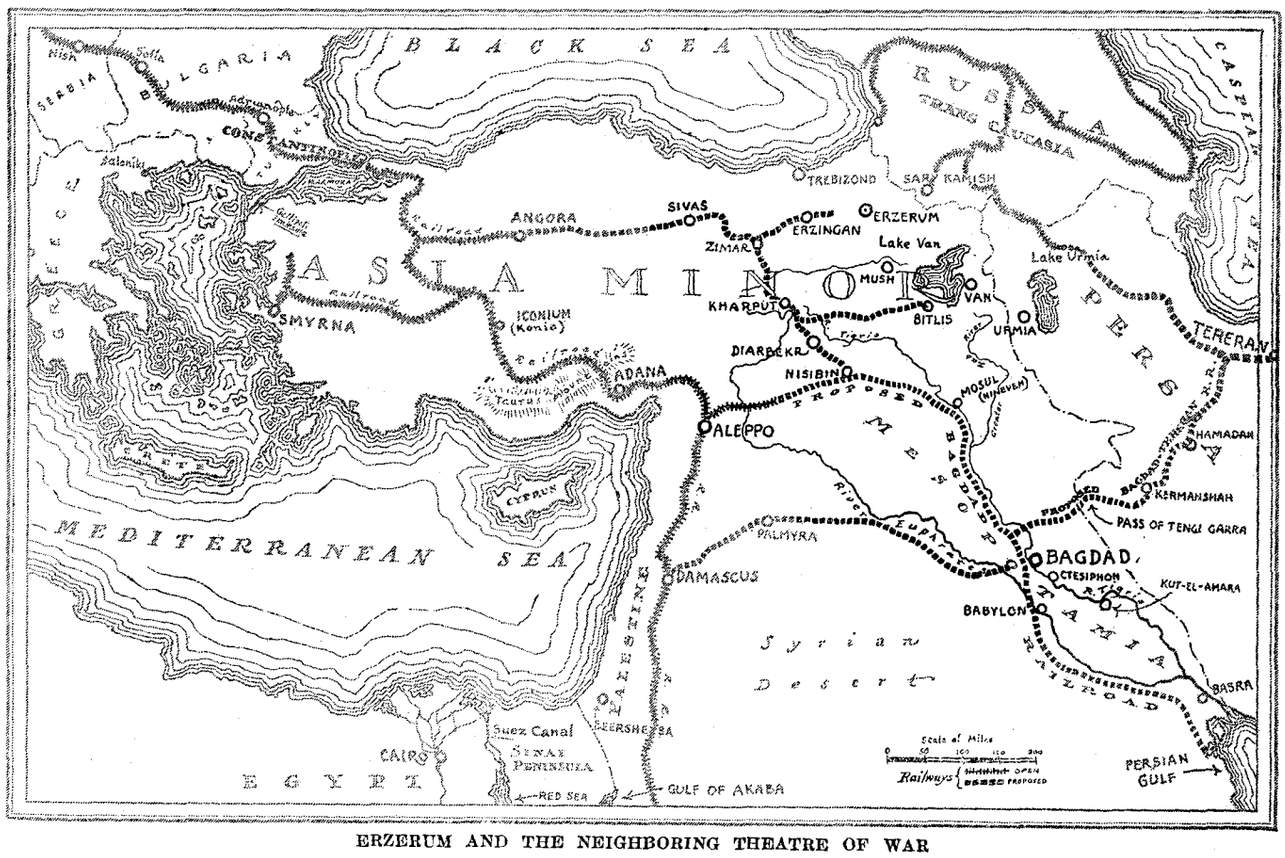
The Fall of Erzerum

BEFORE going into the strategical aspects of the Russian Caucasian campaign, a word ought to be said about the Russian morale. After the Galician campaign of 1915 the Germans declared that for the duration of the war the Russians were finished as far as an offensive was concerned, and the Germans believed that statement when they made it. Within six months the Russians took Erzerum, and within a year they took Lutzk, Czernowitz and Erzingan. In describing their peculiar morale a recent semi-official statement, given to the press during Broussiloff's successful offensive, is interesting. Advances, the Russian war office remarked, are good, but retreats are just as good, since the enemy loses more men and gets more tired out; only the "western Allies do not like retreats." The Russians are a remarkable people, the most discouraging nation to fight in all the world, for the battles they lose are just as much victories as the battles they win. Russian pressure may be relieved, but it cannot be removed. For Russia is the nation which always comes back. Imagine the feelings of the German General Staff when they see an enemy they supposed permanently beaten in the act of carrying on two successful offensives at once.

Now the line which the Turks must hold at all hazards, in order to maintain their occupation of Mesopotamia and the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, is the line Angora-Sivas-Diarbekr-Mosul-Bagdad. This is a fact apparent to the Turks, since it is on this line that they have offered their stoutest resistance and retained their largest effectives. Russian columns did attempt the valleys of the Greater Zab and upper Tigris, and began their descent upon Mosul, for Mosul is the principal link of the entire Turkish chain. But southwest of Bitlis, in the region of Sert on the upper Tigris, the Russians met superior forces last spring; at Rowandiz, near the Persian border south of Urmia, the Turks recently drove an advancing Russian column across the border away from the valley of the Greater Zab. In that direction the line Angora-Sivas-Diarbekr-Mosul-Bagdad is still secure.

Farther south, a large Turkish expedition from Bagdad proceeded east, crossed the Persian border near Khanikin, defeated the Russians, and pursued them along the Bagdad-Hamadan caravan route past the city of Kermanshah, which they reoccupied. Meanwhile they held the British safe south of Kut. So far so good.

But to the north the Turks have not been so suc-



ERZERUM AND THE NEIGHBORING THEATRE OF WAR

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cessful. Intent as they have been on defending the regions between Diarbekr and Mosul, they seem to have hoped that small forces operating in the mountainous country west of Erzerum would suffice to hold the Russian advance. Certainly no large Turkish forces have been reported in the fighting about Baiburt and Mamakhatun, and prisoners in those Russian victories have been comparatively few. Erzingan was evacuated without much of a struggle, but it must not be supposed that the Turkish resistance is for that reason completely broken. The heavy fighting is still to come, but it must come soon.

For the line Angora-Sivas-Diarbekr-Mosul-Bagdad is at last definitely threatened. The Russians are now approaching the town of Kharput, on that line, north of Diarbekr, from two directions—from the north in the Erzingan region and from the east along the Euphrates Valley. Kharput must be held at all costs. If Kharput falls, Diarbekr will fall. If Diarbekr falls, Nisibin, Mosul and Bagdad will before long fall also, Mesopotamia will be lost, armies captured, and the Turkish Empire will cease to be an empire. The climax of the Caucasian campaign is approaching; the Turks must fight a decisive battle in the region of Kharput.

Kharput is about three-quarters of the way from Sivas to Diarbekr. About half way between Kharput and Sivas the road from Erzingan meets the road from Kharput near a village called Zimar, and it is therefore somewhere in the triangle Erzingan-Zimar-Kharput that the Turkish must resist and counter-attack. As in all this Caucasian fighting neither side possesses rail communications.

But from recent rumors it is a probable supposition that railway facilities of some sort have been established between Angora and Sivas, and it seems likely that Sivas is a better base than has been heretofore believed. The completion of the Angora-Sivas railroad would account for much of the apparent Turkish weakness around Erzingan. For provided that troops, stores and heavy munitions can easily and safely be forwarded by rail to Sivas, it would be to the advantage of the Turks to draw the Russians as close to that base as possible—and as far away from the Russian base—before fighting a decisive battle.

East of Sivas there is no railway. Between Sivas and Mosul, via Kharput, Diarbekr, and Nisibin, there is no railway. But Nisibin (south of Diarbekr) is the junction of the projected railways to Bagdad, one coming from Sivas, one from Aleppo in Syria, and it is believed in some well informed quarters that the line from Aleppo as far as Nisibin is actually in operation. Nevertheless, even were that true, the difficulty of transporting troops from Anatolia to Aleppo, and thence across the waterless country to Nisibin, is so great that such a railroad would never be a decisive factor. For even now the main line of communications between Bagdad and Constantinople is via Angora, not via Aleppo, owing to lack of water and the many defects of the Syrian railroads. Therefore a decisive battle must be fought somewhere near Kharput, on which the fate of all Mesopotamia and Arabia depends.

GERALD MORGAN.

Education as Living

WHAT is the current broadening of the public school—the bringing in of gymnasiums and pools, shops and gardens, dramatics and organized play—but a new effort to realize the school as more a life and less an institution? Are we not getting a little restless over the resemblance of our schools to penitentiaries, reformatories, orphan asylums, rather than to free and joyous communities? A school system whose object was little more than to abolish illiteracy and prepare the more fortunate for college was bound to fall an easy prey to the mechanical organizer. Education in this country has been one-sidedly professionalized. The machinery was developed before the moving ideals were worked out. Professional educators have worked too much for a logical system rather than an experimental adjustment to the life needs of individual children. We have achieved a democratic education in the sense that common schooling is practically within the reach of every one. But a democratic education, in the sense of giving equal opportunities to each child of finding in the school that life and training which he peculiarly needs, has still to be generally worked for. The problem of American education is now to transform an institution into a life.

Let us not deny the value of that emphasis on administration. The slow progress from the diffuse district school to the well organized state system represents the welding of a powerful instrument for a future democracy to use. Centralized and efficient administration is indispensable for insuring educational benefits to all. But there is a danger that we shall create capable administrators faster than we create imaginative educators. It is so easy to forget that this tightening of the machinery is only in order that the product may be finer and richer. Unless it does so result in more creative life it will be a detriment rather than a good. For it is too easy to make the running of the machine, the juggling with schedules and promotions and curricula and courses and credits, the end. To institutionalize a social function is always the line of least resistance.

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We are becoming used to the impressive schoolhouses that tower over the unkempt and fragile houses of our American towns. The school already overshadows the church. If this means that the school is the most important place in the community, then it is a hopeful sign. But if its slightly forbidding bulk means simply that there is another institution to put people through a uniform process, or indeed through any kind of process, then we are no further along. The educators of the last generation, whether from false ideas of democracy or from administrative convenience or necessity, imposed deadly uniformities of subject matter and method on the children in the schools. They assumed that a uniform process would give uniform results. But children are infinitely varied in temperament and capacity and interests. So the uniform process gave the most wildly heterogeneous results. And the present unrest arises from our amazed dissatisfaction that so admirable and long-continued a public-school education should have left the masses of children so little stimulated and trained.

The pseudo-science of education under which most of us were brought up assumed that children were empty vessels to be filled by knowledge. Teachers and parents still feel that to cut down an arithmetic hour to forty-five minutes is to deprive the child of a fourth of his education. But children are not empty vessels, nor are they automatic machines which can be wound up and set running on a track by the teacher. They are pushing wills and desires and curiosities. They are living, growing things, and they need nothing so much as a place where they can grow. They live as wholes far more than older people do, and they cannot be made to become minds and minds alone for four or five hours a day—that is, without stultification. The school forgets that we are only accidentally intellectual, that our other impulses are far more imperious. Because a teacher can secure outward order, it does not mean that she has harmonized the child's personality. She has not the least clue to riot or apathy or delusion that may be going on inside him. She may easily become a drill-sergeant, but she must not think that she has thereby become an educational scientist.

To become that she will have to think of the school as a place where children spend their time living not as artificially segregated minds but as human things. She would have to judge their activities in terms of an interesting life. And that involves good health, play, sport, constructive work, talk, questioning, exercise, friendship, personal expression, as well as reading and learning. A place where children really lived would be a place that gave opportunities for all these activities to just the extent that children were individually capable of expressing themselves. Children want to be busy together, they want to try their hand at tools and materials, they want to find out what older people do and watch them at it. They have to flounder about and have all sorts of experiences before they touch their spring of interest and face their real direction. All their education is really acquired in the same random way that the baby learns to control his movements and respond to his environment. No matter how the school tries to organize their learning, and feed it to them in graduated doses, this way of trial and error is really the one by which they will learn. You have no way of guaranteeing that they will learn what you think you are teaching them. What you can do is to put them in a controlled environment where they will most frequently strike the electric contact of curiosity and response, and get experiences that thrill with meaning for them.

Life in its lowest terms is a matter of passing the time. It would be well if educators would more often remember this. If they did, would they not examine more carefully the life which they provide for growing youth? College and high school life is reasonably antiseptic, it is not oppressive, it is not particularly arbitrary or shabby. But compared abstractly with what might be a good life, given the interests and outlook and needed training of youth, would it not seem a little sorry? Is it not a travesty, except for the few, on a really stimulating and creative way of spending time? Suppose educators seriously measured their schools by this standard of the good life. Suppose we really tried to carry out the principle that the secret of life is to pass time worthily.

Most of this current educational interest is another stab at the age-long problem of making education synonymous with living. We are rediscovering the fact that we learn only as we desire, as we seek to understand or as we are busy. We are trying to make the school a place where children cannot escape doing these things. We see now that education has grown up in this country in a separate institutional compartment, jealously apart from the rest of the community life. It has developed its own technique, its own professional spirit. Its outlines are cold and logical. It is far the best ordered of our institutions. Its morale is the nearest thing we have to compulsory military service. There is something remote and antiseptic about even our best schools. They contrast strangely with the color and confusion of the rest of our American life. The bare class-rooms, the stiff seats, the austere absence of beauty, suggest a hospital where painful if necessary intellectual operations are going on. Additions of gymnasiums and shops and studios to such a school will do little to set the current of life flowing

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again. The whole school must be loosened up, the stiff forms made flexible, children thought of as individuals and not as "classes." Thus new activities must be woven into a genuine child-community life. These things must be the contacts with experience that waken and focus children's interests. They must be opportunities for spontaneous living.

The school constantly encroaches on the home. It provides play and work opportunities that even well-to-do homes cannot provide. It must take over too the free and comradely atmosphere of the homes and the streets where children play. Let teachers face the fact that they cannot teach masses of children anything with the assurance that they will really assimilate it. What they can do is to fill the school with all kinds of typical experiences, and see that children are exposed to them. They can see that children have a chance to dabble in them, touch tools and growing things, read books, draw, swim, play and sing. Let the teacher cleverly supervise and coördinate, see that the children's interests are drawn out, and that what they do contributes toward their growth. In the last analysis, each child will have to educate himself up to his capacity. He can only educate himself by living. The school will be the place where he lives most worthily.

Our best American public schools are already in sight of such an ideal. Americans need more than anything to learn how to live. This is the first business of education.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Behind the Russo-Japanese Pact

FIFTEEN years ago, the greatest statesman of Japan did all in his power to wreck the agreement then being negotiated between his country and England. It was, in the opinion of Prince Ito, highly unprofitable for Japan and Russia to look at each other with "cross eyes." We are seeing to-day the outcome of Ito's opposition in the pact just concluded by statesmen in Tokyo and Petrograd.

When in 1905 the good offices of the United States brought to a close the Russo-Japanese war, it was freely predicted that the peace was nothing more than a truce. But instead, the American intervention really gave the first impulse toward cooperation. The ink on the peace treaty had not been dry more than twenty-two months before the enemies began to look more kindly at each other. True, the settlement patched up with the aid of America had satisfied neither Japan nor Russia. Yet on looking over the situation, mutual advantages were found from working together instead of remaining at odds.

It was during this probationary period that the enforced division of the Manchurian spoils suggested the possibility of playing together for larger game in the vast regions still China's. And through the medium of Russia's banker, France, the antagonists of a short time before were brought to more amicable terms. Subsequently the Japanese Foreign Minister in a moment of self-revelation rightly characterized this exchange of 1907 as the inevitable outcome of the Portsmouth compact.

After this cautious beginning, the friendly relations between the two nations rapidly became more solid. Just as the United States was instrumental in bringing about peace, this country continued to act so as to throw Russia and Japan into each other's arms. Influenced by ambitious designs for our trade expansion, the Taft administration took up cudgels on behalf of China and the Open Door, which was swinging shut even then. The Knox diplomacy thoroughly alarmed the two Powers so preponderantly interested in Manchuria, and the broaching of the immatured neutralization scheme put Russia and Japan in a flurry. The *révanche* in the East, long talked about by both sides, was buried under a common fear, and the railway proposals of our Secretary of State served to dissipate the last shreds of distrust keeping Japan from her Slavic neighbor. At once steps were taken to counteract what seemed the impending American encroachments in a territory staked out by Russian and Japanese graves.

With a fanfare of pronunciamentos about Chinese integrity and the equality of opportunity, Japan and Russia again put their heads close together and signed the 1910 Convention, with truly diplomatic humor, on the fourth of July. It showed to the most skeptical a determination on the part of the two nations to retain a stranglehold on Manchuria, to transform the once disputed territory into a closed preserve.

From the failure of the American hand boldly bid by Knox to the overnight avowal of the new alliance, an obscure transitional chapter has to be filled in. The diplomacy employed by England and Russia in the settlement of central Asian issues aroused the ire of the Japanese. This was directed, however, not so much against the Mongolian venture of Russia as against British aims in

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Tibet. Upon the heels of this uneasiness came the troubles arising out of the passing of the Manchus in China. The loan policy of the Powers—in which we were implicated—threatened to keep Russia and Japan on the fringe. This cold-shouldering of the nations so tremendously involved in the fate of China gave reasons for an increasing intimacy. At the same time, it was left for America to give a final push through her abrogation of the treaty with Russia because of passports and the Jews. Seizing upon a common grievance against this country—the rights and movements of citizens abroad —Russia and Japan found an added zest for each other's company.

The sum-total of events was that, for immediate reasons and more remote ends, the two nations discovered their lot in the Far East to be common. In many quarters it is held that the course of action taken by the major Powers forced Japan and Russia into an extensive secret understanding, a conviction not dispelled by subsequent happenings.

Events of the great war have fortified this view, Japan's services to Russia being nothing more than a prelude to the final step. Japan has had a large hand in buckling on the armor of the Slavic giant. In five distinct ways, cloaked by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, she has rendered marked aid to Russia. During the brief period when German raiders were at large, Japan kept the trans-Pacific trade routes open. She furnished, moreover, a large part of the tonnage carrying the stream of munitions going to the eastern front across Siberia. Supplies by the thousand tons have been manufactured in Tokyo, Osaka and other industrial centers. But most vital is Japan's contribution of ammunition and financial aid. Millions of Russian treasury notes have been taken up in deference to the Japanese bureaucracy. Every day the Teutonic casualty list and the advance of the Slavs bear silent witness to the war supplies made by the imperial arsenals of Japan, now filled to capacity.

Of course, it is all done for a price which has made onlookers shake their heads in surveying the account. They have pondered also on two diplomatic situations, unnoticed beyond the East, which made the announcement of a formal agreement come as an anti-climax. When Japan not so long ago executed her coup against China, Russia was suspiciously quiet. A little later, when it became known that the Russian statesmen had completed a long struggle to weaken the Republic's hold on outer Mongolia, Japan kept her counsels. But most significant of all—just a few weeks before making public the understanding, Russia secured the right to construct a new railroad cutting virgin territory in north Manchuria. Now the Russian concession largely paralleled an American grant, which Japan had prevented us from using on the ground that it threatened her vested interests. Wholly apart from the fact that we were the victims, nothing could bear stronger witness to the inference that Japan no longer viewed the Russians as competitors.

We have heard a vociferous chorus in Japan composed of Premier, cabinet ministers, politicians on both sides of the fence, and men directing the Japanese attack on Britain's trade in the East, all hailing the English alliance as the cardinal point in Japan's foreign policy. As it turns out, the protestations seem to have covered the alignment with Russia—very much as inspired applauders with a purpose. Such are the facts of the Russo-Japanese amity.

The skeleton of the pact on analysis fails to conceal a wide defensive-offensive alliance, predatory in spirit. Russian and Japanese statesmen are diplomats of a kind. The meagre details before the world are phrased in a way lending themselves to the greatest elasticity under the interpretation of subtle users of diplomatic verbiage. The new agreement can be counted on to meet the most serious situations with equanimity. Furthermore, there is much which we are not to see, in all likelihood. It is enlightening to recall the conclusion of the first agreement between Japan and Britain. When the Korean interests proved a knotty point to lay open to the Powers, the Japanese were for dismissing the matter with unpublished stipulations, but Lansdowne would have none of it. The Russian diplomats, however, have no parliament fingering into affairs of statecraft. Japan is situated likewise, and secret clauses or memoranda reached during the negotiations very probably amplify the bald statement given out.

Japan being in a position to demand favors, most of the giving has been done by Petrograd. To the men in the high places at Tokyo, China is the Japanese objective. They intend, willy-nilly, to control the destinies of the harassed republic. In the face of this, nothing is more pathetic than to hear Chinese talk of the rights recovery movement, even outside of the north. One of the foremost problems facing the Powers outside Japan's circle is the bolstering up of China. Russia undoubtedly acts with the selfish wisdom of nations in bartering her support to Japan—there being much more to be had in company than by standing in opposition. This, American bankers well know.

The outward acceptance of the situation by Great Britain is immaterial. The thing is inevitable and the British fortunately are able to take it at its worth. Short of a dramatic rupture, there is every indication that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance will hold out until 1921. But it is already

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suffering from more than one inroad, and if a continuance of the agreement is to be expected there will be a slow but profound readjustment. Having this in mind, the British diplomats who will strive after the war to reach an understanding with Germany in the Far East may play an important part. For when peace comes, as long as Germany is free in the Far East, the guardians of empire at London will never sleep easily. This consideration is striking in conjunction with the Russian Foreign Minister's statement on the future in the Near East. "The present war," says Sazonoff, "opens up a series of problems for Russia, the solution of which necessitates our confining our attention to the west for many years."

With Russia bowing to Japan in the East and looking toward Europe, Japan striving after dominion in China and the Pacific, Germany restlessly seeking to recoup her fortune, perhaps this Russo-Japanese pact is but the beginning of more trying days for Great Britain.

G. CHARLES HODGES.

My Uncle

MY uncle only by marriage, he is naturally the less intelligible and the more intriguing to me. I can't say with assurance whether I feel absolutely at home with him or not, but I think I do. Always he has treated me with the utmost kindness. That he regards me exactly as a nephew of the blood, he makes frequent occasion to assure me, especially on his birthday, which we all make much of, since it is about the only day when we are chartered to sentimentalize quite shamelessly over him. But behind his solemn face and straight, quizzical gaze, I often detect a lurking reservation in his judgment of me. He thinks, I believe, that I have not been altogether weaned of the potentates and powers I abjured when I crossed the water to become a member of his family. Not that he greatly cares. Potentates and powers, emperors, kings, princes, are treasured words in his oratorical vocabulary — he could not very well do without them. He is a democrat, and he declares that in the presence of hereditary majesties, he would most resolutely refuse to bend the knee. No doubt he would, and his instinct is correct aesthetically as well as morally. It's a stiff knee he wears, and you can't help smiling at the thought of the two long members of his leg, tightly cased in striped trouser, arranging themselves in an obsequious right angle. Erect and stiff, chest out, chin whiskers to front, eyes blinking independently, my uncle is superb. Or when he raises his hat with a large, outward gesture of his arm, bowing slightly from the shoulders, in affable salutation. Or most of all, when his fists clench, his jaws display big nervous knots, his eyes gleam with hard blue light in wrath over some palpable iniquity, some base cowardice, some outrageous act of cruelty or oppression.

The mood of rage is, to be sure, infrequent with him, and he prides himself on a self control that forbids him to act upon it. Therefore, certain cocky foreign fellows, upholders of the duty of fighting at the drop of the hat, have charged that our uncle would place peace above honor. And some of us, his nephews, are not exactly easy under the charge. It seems to reflect on us. But most of us really know better. Our uncle hates trouble, and prefers argument to fists. But nobody had better presume too much upon his distaste for violence.

Pugnacity, declares my uncle, is a form of sentimentalism, and all sentimentalism is despicable. This is a practical world. Determine the value of what you are after and count the cost. And wherever you can, reduce all items to dollars and cents. "Aha!" cry the hostile critics of our house, "what a gross materialist!" And some, even of the nephews of the blood, repeat the taunt behind our good uncle's back. At first I too thought there might be something in it. But I was forced to a different view by dint of reflection on the notorious fact that my uncle is far readier in a good cause to "shell out" his dollars and cents than any of his idealistic critics. Reduction of a problem to dollars and cents, I have come to see, is just his means of arriving at definiteness. My uncle wants to do a good business, whether in the gross joys of the flesh or in the benefits of salvation. The Lord's cause, he thinks, ought to be as solvent as the world's. A naïve view? To be sure, but not one that argues a base soul.

This insistence of my uncle on definiteness, on the financial solvency of every enterprise, does to be sure get on the nerves of many of us. He'll drop into your studio, dispose his long, bony body in your most comfortable chair and ruminate for hours while you work. You are immersed in a very significant problem. You are at the point, we will say, of discovering how to convey the sound of bells by pure color. "May I ask," he says finally, "what in thunder are you trying to do?" You explain at length, enthusiastically. He hears you through, with visible effort to suspend judgment. You pause and scan his face for a responsive glow. He rises, pats you gently on the shoulder. "My boy, I can put you into a good job down in the stockyards. Fine prospects, and a good salary to begin with. I ran in to see your wife and youngsters yesterday and they're looking rather peaked. Not much of a living for them in this

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sort of thing, you know. Of course it is mighty interesting. But don't you think you could manage to do something with it in your free time?"

It can't be denied, on the matter of the family relation my uncle is hopelessly reactionary. In his view almost the whole duty of man is to keep his wife well housed, well dressed, contented, and his children plump and rosy. To abate a tittle from this requirement my uncle regards as pure embezzlement. You try to make him see the counterclaims upon you of science, literature, art. "Yes, yes, those things are all very fine, but will you rob your own wife and children for them?"

I wonder whether this myopia of my uncle is due to the fact that he is a confirmed old bachelor, and all women and children are to him pure ideals, as much sweeter than all other ideals as they are more substantial? He poses, to be sure, as a depreciator of woman. "Just like a woman," "women's frivolity," "useless little feminine trinkets," are phrases always on his lips. But watch his caressing expression as he listens to the chatter of Cousin Thisbe, the most empty-headed little creature who ever wore glowing cheeks and bright curls. Let anybody get into trouble with his wife or sweetheart, and my uncle straightway takes up the cudgels for the lady. The merits of the case don't matter: a lady is always right, or if she isn't, it's a mighty mean man who'll insist on it.

His nephews of the blood are firmly convinced that the reason why our uncle is such a fool about women in general is because he has never been in love with any woman in particular. Thus do members of a family blind themselves with dogmas about one another. I, being more or less of an outsider, can observe without preconceptions. Now I assert, in spite of his consistent pose of serene indifference to particular charms, my uncle's temperament is that of a man forever in love with somebody or other. He is strong, he is simple, he is pure, and should he escape the dart? Depend on it, he has fallen in love not once or twice, but often and often. And the probabilities are, he has been loved, though not so often. And—this would be an impious speculation if I were nephew of the blood—how has he behaved, in the rare latter event? As a man in the presence of a miracle done for his sole benefit. He has exulted, then doubted its reality, then betaken himself to the broad prairie, where he is most at home, to cool his blood in the north wind, and restore himself to the serenity, the freedom from entanglements, befitting an uncle at the head of his tribe. This, you say, is all conjecture, deduced from the behavior of those of his nephews who most resemble him? No. Do you not recall that early affair of his, with the dark vivacious lady—Marianne, I believe, was her name? Do you not recall a later affair with a very young, cold lady from the land of the snows? Do you not recall his maturer devotion to the noble lady of the trident, his cousin? And—but I'll not descend to idle gossip.

As you can see, I do not wholly accept my uncle, as he is. I wish he weren't so insistent upon reducing everything to simple, definite terms, whether it will reduce to such terms or not. I wish he would give more thought to making his conduct correct as well as unimpeachable. I'm for him when his inferiors laugh at him, but I wish he would manage to thwart their malicious desire to laugh. I wish he were less disposed to scoff gently at my attempts to direct his education. Just the same, he is the biggest, kindliest, most honest and honorable tribal head that ever lived. And you won't find a trace of these reservations in the enthusiasm with which I shall wish him many thousands of happy returns, next Fourth of July.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Holy Estate

A RATHER clumsy working woman of about thirty-five years, scrubbed and tidy, came in to the Legal Aid Bureau to see if she could sue her man for back pay as working housekeeper. He'd gone off with a girl of sixteen—been gone two weeks.

No—she wasn't married to him. His wife had been at the Hospital for the Insane over on Arsenal Street for ten years. He couldn't get a divorce—and of course he needed a woman, and she had lived with him all these years. No, she had never lived with any one else. She used to live out—cooking, in west end families.

He'd always been good to her—was a steady worker, brought her his pay envelope unopened every week, only got drunk on Saturday nights. She liked him fine, and she liked the boys, two of them. One of them just got married this last year; a nice girl. The youngest was almost fourteen, and he wanted to stop school, but he had *got* to go to High School. He was smart, just like his father, and he could *be* something.

No—they were his wife's children, she had none. She cooked and washed and sewed for all of them. Once, when he broke his arm and couldn't work, she got a job in a laundry and they got along all right and kept the insurance paid up.

Oh yes, she saw his wife often. She took her a nice warm wrapper she made herself and some slippers last Christmas. And when she had luck with the coffee cake, she always took her some—it was her favorite cake, poor thing.

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Sure, his mother and sisters and their husbands came to see them all the time—she'd stayed with his youngest sister when she had her last baby.

He just went off with this snip—she didn't know why. The girl didn't have any sense in her head, spent all she could get on her back, and wasn't any better than she should be.

And now there wasn't anything to do but sue for back pay as his housekeeper. That's what his brother-in-law said—it was him and his wife, Schmidt's sister, told her to come here.

"That would be a little hard to do. Do you know where he is?"

"I guess I could find him."

"Have you any money at all?"

"Yes, I've got some—his mother gave it to me."

"Go home and clean up the house. Buy all the things he likes to eat for his supper and get everything ready. Then dress yourself in your best dress—have you a new one? Then go buy one, right now. Spend all your money on it. Then go get him. I think you can. He is almost forty-five years old—forty-eight? The girl has had all she wants of him in two weeks. Can she cook? Then you are safe. Spend a little more money on your clothes for the next three or four years, until he is well into the fifties. And go to a hairdresser."

* * *

"But———! Mrs. Schmidt! Lots of wives do it, and it is considered perfectly respectable!"

* * *

"——Well. Oh, me, yes of course. But then I'm an old maid and I never——."

* * *

"Yes, perhaps that's true. A good cook can get a place to-day any day, and not every wife can get a job after ten years."

* * *

"No, indeed, there is no charge. And, please, Mrs. Schmidt,—Miss Hammeier?—I really didn't mean anything wrong. Thousands of wives do it and it is not considered the same thing as going on the street.

"Come in some Thursday when you have a day off, won't you? Come in as a friend—please."

CHARLOTTE RUMBOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Michigan Progressives Voted

SIR: I note the use you make in your last issue of Mr. Mathew Hale's statement in regard to the meeting of the National Committeemen of the National Progressive party in Chicago; and as a member of the National Committee from Michigan, I wish to call your attention to a misstatement of fact. He says, and you repeat, that several of the National Committeemen, among them the one from Michigan, voted in favor of endorsing Mr. Hughes in violation of official action to the contrary on the part either of the state central committee or the delegates to the Chicago convention from their state. Insofar as I am concerned, this is not a true statement, for there was no official meeting of the state central committee or the delegates in their official capacity nor was any call issued to either group for an official meeting.

After the convention, in view of the gravity of the situation, I deemed it advisable to confer with as many Progressives as possible, and therefore sent out letters to some 300, including members of the state central committee, the delegates to the convention, and chairmen of county committees, asking them to meet me in conference in Jackson. Of these I had letters from some 30-odd, and there came to the conference perhaps 60 men. While this was not an official meeting of any kind, the conference did pass a resolution which I read at the meeting in Chicago, against endorsement. While offering the resolution, the conference expressed itself as seeking in no way to bind my action, acceding in this to my declaration that I considered myself a free agent, bound only by the moral responsibility of representing as far as I could the sentiment of my state, in that committee.

It was my belief then—and since the event I have been fortified in this belief by the opinion expressed in person or by letter—that my action did truly represent the best judgment by the major portion of the Progressives in the state of Michigan, the feeling being that in the light of all that had occurred, the country's interest demanded that all those Progressives who believed in the strong, centralized and efficient form of government and national vision, should support Mr. Hughes.

GUSTAVUS D. POPE.

Detroit, Michigan.

Federal Control of Railways

SIR: The editorial in the recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC on the federal control of railway transportation seems to justify a somewhat more extended statement as to the effect of the Supreme Court's decisions in the Minnesota Rate case (230 U. S.) and the Shreveport case (234 U. S.) to which you refer. A clear understanding of the two decisions is important, in view of the divergence which you point out between the Republican platform in its suggestion of a constitutional amendment and the statement of Mr. Hughes that the railroad problem can be solved "by the intelligent use of the constitutional power of Congress."

The question involved in the Minnesota Rate case was the validity of an order of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Minnesota fixing railroad rates between points within the state. The order was attacked upon the ground that the new intrastate schedule compelled by the order would require changes in rates for interstate transportation and for that reason encroached upon the power

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of the federal government to regulate commerce among the states.

The Court held that if the federal government had under the Constitution the right to regulate railway transportation carried on wholly within a state, such power had never been exercised by Congress and was dormant, and therefore the states under constitutional principles could lawfully regulate the rates for local traffic. The federal power was found dormant because Section 1 of the Act to Regulate Commerce excludes from the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission the transportation of passengers or property "wholly within one state, and not shipped to or from a foreign country from or to any state or territory." Until Congress acted, the power of the state was undeniable. The conclusion of the Court was expressed as follows:

> It thus clearly appears that, under the established principles governing state action, the State of Minnesota did not transcend the limits of its authority in prescribing the rates here involved, assuming them to be reasonable intrastate rates. It exercised an authority appropriate to its territorial jurisdiction and not opposed to any action thus far taken by Congress.

While the exact decision was that the state order was valid because it did not conflict with any action taken by Congress, it seems apparent from the opinion that it was then the sentiment of the justices of the Supreme Court that Congress could constitutionally vest in the Interstate Commerce Commission control over all of the interstate and local rates of interstate carriers. Upon that point, however, there has not been a direct decision. Congress may in the future reach the conclusion that the operations in the conduct of interstate and local business by interstate carriers, and all expenses of transportation and earnings are so interblended that local rates cannot be raised or lowered without directly affecting the interstate schedule. This leads to the conclusion that the control of all railway business should be single and lodged in the federal government. If Congress enacts a law so enlarging the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it will then be for the Supreme Court to pass upon the constitutionality of that statute. When the question is thus directly presented it will no doubt receive the original and thorough consideration due to one of the greatest constitutional questions that has arisen in this country.

Until a statute enlarging federal control is held valid, it will not be known that an amendment of the federal constitution is unnecessary. This thought was probably in the mind of the writer of the paragraph in the Republican platform when he suggested an amendment to the constitution in the event a future decision of the Supreme Court makes that step essential to complete national control of transportation.

The Shreveport case (214 U. S., 342) does not bear directly upon this constitutional question. That case involved the validity of an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission found that the carriers operating in Texas unjustly discriminated against Shreveport, Louisiana, by maintaining rates within the state of Texas lower than the rates from Shreveport, Louisiana, to the same destination in Texas. The lower Texas rates were compelled by an order of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Texas. It was decided that the regulation of intrastate rates was within the power of the state unless a rate fixed for local transportation directly discriminates against a shipper or locality outside of the state. In such an event, when the Interstate Commerce Commission finds it is a fact that such unjust discrimination has resulted, then it has the power to order a removal of such discrimination. It will be seen, therefore, that the Shreveport case does not divest the state of the control of rates within its boundaries, but constitutes the federal commission a sort of supervisory tribunal to correct any unjust discrimination caused by state action against non-resident shippers. The decision gives no authority to the federal government to invade the present province of the states and regulate local rates per se.

If the question of enlarging the federal control of railroads becomes a real issue, a sharp division of sentiment may be expected. For instance, will the people of California, 3,000 miles from the seat of government, with their vast business of transportation that nowhere crosses state boundaries, vote to cede the control of all its local railway transportation to a bureau at Washington?

The situation presents both a grave matter of policy and a profound question of constitutional law.

M. F. GALLAGHER.

Chicago, Illinois.

Either Shelter or Real Work

SIR: I feel intensely about sheltered daughters, hence I may not think clearly on the subject. It seems to me, however, that as Prestonia Mann Martin says, the majority of the women who are working to-day do so because they have to, *and for that reason only,* however eagerly they may seek to extract all the joys and opportunities for service afforded by their work. This is really a perfectly normal attitude if we will suspend judgment of the fact long enough to analyze its cause. The real reason why most *men* work is that they have to, to get what they want from life. A man's work is the key to all four kingdoms of liberty, love, power, and material comfort. Yet most men look forward to the time when they can cease the labor without abjuring its reward. For women economic independence does not begin to promise such lavish rewards. It may mean greater personal freedom than that of the home and more of the "things"—mere material things—that they desire. They dare not count on anything further and hence precious few of them could not be persuaded to give up their vaunted liberty for shelterdom provided it included a reasonable supply of those mere material things they now work for.

This may be because they are, as Miss Mander would have us believe, bred "soft." It depends on what is meant by soft. If one chooses so to consider it, a woman's need of love and children is also a weakness. Nevertheless it remains the paramount human need, and, as society is at present constituted, its gratification for the majority of women must mean the renunciation of an independent career. I fear that whether or not one considers shelterdom a cancerous growth, we must recognize that its ideals have spread far beyond the homes of sheltered daughters.

Consider what conditions the woman must face who enters the economic arena for these relatively—as compared with men's—insufficient rewards. Without special training she becomes a mere cog in the industrial machine. We are speaking of course not of the artist or the rare exception, but of the average woman in industry. Even after excellent specialization the vast majority of women can

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secure opportunities only in the so-called temporary professions, and must continue to do so as long as women continue to leave money-making for home-making whenever they have the chance. I am not quarreling with the conditions, but I think they need to be faced squarely. There simply is not a royal road for daughters in business. Father's well-established concern is not waiting for her to carry on its affairs. That opportunity is reserved for brother who will make it a life-work. Every daughter must begin on her own and make good from the ground up. Yet women cannot enjoy the struggle from slow and toilsome small beginnings to even the masculine degree. They do not meet struggle and contest in any field for its own sake but from economic motive. In the rest of life a man "places" them and they endeavor to fill the position as their part of the bargain. They have secured their place through a stroke of luck rather than through merit for so long that they have not recovered from the pernicious moral effect.

Working conditions and women being what they are, my experience has been that the average agitating sheltered daughter has a glorious urge to "express herself," but has small patience with the deadly tiresome routine exactions of a real job. A real job when properly done is a life-work and leaves time only for an avocation. What daughter would like often is an anomaly which calls itself a job and is only an avocation—a hypothetical something which can be picked up like crocheting in the hours of boredom between good times—and unimpaired by periods of neglect. Yet it must bear in the world the importance of a regular task with a cash value. What daughter really wants is to dabble in rebellion without sacrificing her chances of the same kind of shelterdom which has been her mother's. To embrace Emma Goldman and *The Masses*—however excellent—is not rebellion. It is the mere childish beginning, the "stagey" part of it.

I suspect, ever so lightly, the sincerity of daughter's position. I know that if daughter really wants a job or anything else no external obstacle on earth can keep her from it. My experience as a daughter taught me early that parents are quite the most perfectly and pathetically helpless creatures yet created. They may storm, but in the present day and age they can *do* nothing. The very gods of convention they worship will for long prevent them from exerting their single effective prerogative, non-support, and if they do attempt to exert it, they become the means and not the obstacle to daughter's greater freedom. Moreover I find it grotesque to hurl nice phrases at our parents for being the conservatives which in our turn we too shall doubtless become. Parents are not subject to conviction; their attitude is the result of emotion, not of reason. I rise to protest against the waste of good ammunition in futile and unnecessary attacks on the passing generation. The reason for the sheltered daughter is not her parents—but herself. Women collectively have not yet come to feel the glory of labor per se any more than men have. They are imbued with no dynamic ideas of emancipating their sex through toil, because toil cannot spell emancipation in their problem. They possess little solidarity as workers and no great joy in the ideals of work. Until they get as much as men from labor *and realize that they do,* they will not have these qualities. Until then they will not insist on working at any cost.

And yet, although economic independence is not the assurance of freedom, it is an essential factor. Even though it is often only a step into a slavery and inhibition far more profound than that of the home, independence without it is a travesty. However justly a woman may claim the privilege of being herself, however fairly it may be granted her by the evolved fraction of the masculine population, it remains a gift and not a right so long as anyone else holds the purse strings.

How are women going to reconcile this paradox? Will daughters continue to dabble the while they are patronized, cajoled and bulldozed by their wise parents, unless society completely revolutionizes, and insists that all adult women be permanently employed at a cash value? One either believes with Mrs. Gilman in such a reorganization or recognizes its futility. In any case here is a problem worthy of thought as profound as the suffering it has caused. We have had enough sophomoric articles.

DOROTHY WEIL.

Chicago, Illinois.

Reactionary Radicalism

SIR: May I add a few more remarks, from a slightly different angle, to those already made upon Miss Mander's "Sheltered Daughters"? I am fortunate enough never to have been a "sheltered daughter," thanks to the fact that my parents were born with liberal tendencies and continued to grow with the age. But what worries me continually is the fact that I may not be as liberal as they towards this coming generation—that I may *impose* suffrage and soap-boxes, *The Masses* and Emma Goldman, upon daughters who might very probably prefer finishing schools, European trips, Palm Beach and a debut. Living in a conventional, conservative neighborhood, I am literally scared to bits lest my efforts to counteract the effect of such an environment may lead me to be quite as autocratic, in my own pleasantly radical manner, as any parents of the last generation ever dreamed of being. Is there not equal danger here?

MARGARET D. SILVER.

Brooklyn, New York.

Another H. P. S.

SIR: Naturally a man cannot copyright his own initials. But sometimes when two persons happen to have duplicate sets it makes it a bit awkward for the owner of one of them—as, for instance, when several friends of the undersigned came to labor under the misapprehension that he was the author of a letter in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC entitled "In Defense of Reporters."

That communication was signed "H. P. S.," who identified himself simply as a reporter. He lamented the fact that "a reporter's success on the average newspaper . . . depends upon how well he can lie," and that "to the average newspaper, one good liar is worth ten fact-loving, truth-seeking reporters."

Maybe so. Never having worked for any newspaper other than the one with which I am now connected, I could not speak for the rest except on hearsay. As far as my own experience goes, however, I have worked on the *Evening Post* for five years, on almost every kind of assignment, and in that time nobody has ever twisted my copy to any ulterior purpose, or asked me so to twist it.

If this experience is the exception, it might be fair to record it as such.

HAROLD PHELPS STOKES,
Albany Correspondent of the New York *Evening Post.*
Albany, N. Y.

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Books and Things

VISIBLE from many points in Washington, disfiguring the Potomac waterfront, towering into the sky like two long lean curses, they will be called the McAdoo smokestacks.

Although Mr. McAdoo was not Secretary of the Treasury when the government picked out the shore of the Washington channel at the foot of Fourteenth Street as the site for a Central Heating, Lighting and Power Plant, although he merely inherited this unfortunate choice, his own obstinacy has been such that he will get no more than he deserves if the smokestacks are called by his name.

Before considering his obstinacy it may be worth while to go back a little.

It is a bad habit of the federal government to choose sites for buildings in Washington, to have plans drawn and to appropriate money, all without consulting the National Commission of Fine Arts.

On November 28th, 1913, President Wilson issued an executive order which says that "Whenever new structure are to be erected in the District of Columbia, under the direction of the federal government, which affect in any important way the appearance of the city, or whenever questions involving matters of art with which the federal government is concerned are to be determined finally, action shall not be taken until such plans and questions have been submitted to the Commission of Fine Arts."

This order, like the similar order issued by President Taft, is of course a lot better than nothing. Its defect is that it does not put the Fine Arts Commission into the game early enough. In practice it is treated as meaning that anything may be done without consulting the Commission short of the actual letting of contracts. By the time when the Fine Arts Commission has been consulted some department has almost always gone on record in favor of certain plans and a certain site. So have many senators and congressmen. What is likely to happen whenever the Fine Arts Commission disapprove what these men have approved? To official eyes the act of changing one's mind in public looks like an act of "self-stultification." Congressmen, senators and cabinet officers lose their tempers. They are in the mood to call the members of the Fine Arts Commission "self-constituted experts," which on official lips is as you know a bitter phrase.

In the present case, the Central Heating, Lighting and Power Plant case, the McAdoo smokestack case, the Fine Arts Commission were not consulted even at the late hour prescribed by the President's executive order. The contracts were let and I believe excavating was actually begun without the Commission's knowledge. Nobody in the Treasury Department was guilty of intentionally disobeying the President's executive order. The disobedience was a genuine oversight.

At its own request the Arts Commission did at last get hold of the plans and contracts. This was on January 14th of this year. On January 26th, it disapproved the plans in these words:

"From the Capitol, from the White House, from Arlington, from the Mall, from the War College and the water approach to Washington, from the Lincoln Memorial, from East and West Potomac Parks . . . the proposed plant will be a disagreeably conspicuous object in the landscape. Its close proximity to the Washington Monument will seriously affect the simple dignity of that structure and its great bulk and huge stacks will cause a deplorable change in the entire aspect of that section of the city. Furthermore, as the location of the Lincoln Memorial by Congress in Potomac Park leaves the southern terminus of the vista from the White House southwardly toward the river the most important site for a memorial structure left in the National Capital, this site would lose much of its effect and dignity by the construction of the plant as proposed. . . .

"The Commission strongly disapproves of the plans for this structure as submitted and views with grave anxiety the location of any such plant on this site."

In this protest the Fine Arts Commission has since been supported by the American Institute of Architects, the American Federation of Arts, the American Institute of Consulting Engineers, the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, the American Society of Landscape Architects, the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the American Civic Association and the Washington Committee of One Hundred.

In spite of these protests work at the site of the Power Plant is still going on. Senator Newlands of Nevada did his best to stop the work, and almost succeeded. The urgent deficiency bill which became law a few months ago appropriated additional money for the Power Plant and its smokestacks. Senator Newlands introduced an amendment stopping the work until the plans had been approved by the President. The Senate adopted the amendment, which was afterward killed in conference by the House conferees. Mr. McAdoo's own attitude has been steadily in favor of the waterfront site. Protests from experts have merely irritated him into bad manners.

"By some agency unknown to me," he writes to Senator Martin of Virginia, "a persistent effort has been made throughout the country to arouse architects, engineers and the public generally against what is represented as an attempt to disfigure the natural beauties of Washington. . . . In brief, an audacious attempt has been made to arouse resentment against this alleged effort to outrage the aesthetic sensibilities of the people of the country."

In other words, all that the extraordinary weight of expert opinion against Mr. McAdoo's opinion suggests to Mr. McAdoo is a suspicion that a plot exists and that the plotters are "audacious." These are the manners of a highly irritated Secretary of the Treasury. "The location" of the Power Plant, he says in this same letter to Senator Martin, "satisfies the aesthetic feelings of all reasonable men." The Fine Arts Commission and the other protesting commissions and societies are composed, you perceive, of unreasonable men. Rather an easy way of proving that Mr. McAdoo is right, don't you think? Mr. McAdoo's position in this controversy is unfortunate. He is not appearing to advantage. He has never made, but he is acting as if he believed, the following statements:

"My taste is better than that of the Fine Arts Commission."—W. G. McAdoo.

"My taste is better than that of the National Sculpture Society."—W. G. McAdoo.

"My taste is better than that of the American Institute of Architects."—W. G. McAdoo.

"My taste is better than that of the American Society of Landscape Architects."—W. G. McAdoo.

It is true, of course, that the government will lose money by stopping the work. But more money will be lost by continuing it, for when the Power Plant is finished and the smokestacks are up Congress will not wait very long before ordering their destruction. Until which happy day they will be known as the McAdoo smokestacks.

P. L.

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William the Good

The Life of William McKinley, by Charles S. Olcott. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

FORTY years ago Major William McKinley, whose service in the Union army had been "gallant and meritorious," stood before the voters of the 18th Ohio district and asked to be sent as their representative to Congress. He was thirty-three years of age, had served as state's attorney for Stark county, and in a practice of nearly ten years had steadily increased an early reputation for honesty and uprightness. Nor was he unknown in political circles, for, beginning with the Hayes gubernatorial campaign in 1867, he had appeared in each canvass as a Republican orator of singular persuasiveness. He and his chief, General Hayes, who had been his regimental commander, took office, one as congressman, the other as President, in 1877. It was about this time that Hayes advised young McKinley to make a special study of the tariff. Coming from a family as well as a district long interested in the protective features of tariff-making, McKinley entered upon his congressional service with this purpose in mind.

His period of congressional service lent itself to such an investigation. With the exception of one break, from 1883 to 1885, McKinley represented his district until 1891, during a period in which the question of a reduction of the revenue raised repeatedly and with increasing emphasis the question of tariff reduction. During these twelve years McKinley was a member of an efficient majority only in his last term. The preceding years had witnessed a Democratic control in either Senate, House or the Presidency. But in the years 1889-1891 McKinley shared with Thomas B. Reed the control of the House, and together as leaders of the Republican majority they enacted more partisan legislation than had been the product of any single Congress since the close of Reconstruction. Prominent in this legislation was the tariff act of 1890 popularly known as the McKinley bill.

Although McKinley subsequently admitted that certain rates in this bill were inordinately high, he excused his action by stating that such concessions were necessary in order to pass the bill. This did not prevent him from saying of the bill just prior to its passage: "I believe in it and thus warmly advocate it because enveloped in it are my country's highest development and greatest prosperity; out of it come the greatest gains to the people, the greatest comforts to the masses, the widest encouragement for manly aspirations, with the largest rewards, dignifying and elevating our citizenship, upon which the purity and permanency of our political system depend." Here we have embodied apparently the result of this statesman's study of the tariff. The tariff was the all-important question of government and this bill pointed the way to a glorious future.

The country thought otherwise, and in the congressional election of 1890 McKinley, in common with many of his Republican colleagues, suffered defeat. In this dark hour he was prepared to place the tariff on an even higher plane. Under the caption "History Repeats Itself" he wrote: "The Proclamation of Emancipation, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, measures of incalculable value to mankind, measures of justice and right, giant's steps for humanity were followed by disaster, for the time, to the party in power. The great Resumption act which brought this country to a sound currency produced disaster to the party in power. So with every great measure which time alone can vindicate. Passion and prejudice, ignorance and wilful misrepresentation are masterful for the hour against any great public law. . . . So will it be with the tariff law of 1890. . . . Home and country will triumph in the end. Their enemies, whether here or abroad, will never be placed in permanent control of the Government of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Grant."

McKinley never returned to the House. The accession of Cleveland and the Democratic control of Congress as a result of the elections of 1892 seemed to prove McKinley a poor prophet. But presently from his place as governor of Ohio the events of the year 1893 seemed to promise the change he had anticipated. By the fall of 1894 no Republican speaker was in such great demand as the author of the tariff act of 1890. He improved the opportunity, touring sixteen states and addressing in the space of five weeks three hundred and seventy-five audiences. The overwhelming Republican victory in the congressional elections seemed truly a vindication.

For at least six years he had seemed to many more than his personal friends a man to be named for President. He now became an active candidate. Who so embodied Protection as he? His biographer says that McKinley had shown himself "the guardian angel in the halls of Congress of the industries of the country." Dolliver termed him "the advance agent of Prosperity" and Hanna undertook the organization of the pre-convention campaign.

One serious danger there was to the success of this candidacy. The rising importance of the demand for "free silver" called for a "gold" candidate. This McKinley was not, either by conviction or record. To a man of his conception of politics, the situation was met by sending an emissary to talk privately with certain leaders and prominent business men in the East. "Tell them," he said, "that if they force a declaration in favor of gold now, we shall have no support in the West. If we should favor silver now, we should gain the West and lose the East. . . . If you divide the party at the Mississippi river, the West will never yield and the election will be lost. Old party ties are strong, and if we can keep together until the convention the 'bolt' will be only a small one." The leading candidacy did much to keep the West within the party prior to the convention. The nomination of the tariff candidate held many even after the "gold" platform was adopted. As McKinley promised, the bolt was a small one. Nor did the candidate change his emphasis. He continued to assert that in thirty days or so nothing would be heard of the money question. Judge Day remarked with surer foresight "that in thirty days you will hear little else." Even McKinley, forced by Bryan's spectacular campaign, took up discussion of the issue in August.

But in the Presidency he turned again to his special subject, calling an extra session in 1897, and the Dingley tariff act became the first important product of his administration. Nor is it unexpected when we find that in his last public utterance at Buffalo he returned again to the subject that he had long identified with government itself.

Yet it is doubtful whether a reference to tariff-making in the interests of protection of industries calls to mind the McKinley known to the present generation of young men. Against his will—perhaps one might better say his inclination—McKinley became a "war President." As such he was reëlected in 1900, and as such he seems surest of remembrance. Mr. Olcott has given large space to the war phase of the administration, and fortunately by access to the Cortelyou diary and the correspondence of Whitelaw Reid and John Hay as well as by inquiry among members of the

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official group about McKinley who are yet living, has been able to contribute generously to our knowledge of the events of the period. We have intimate views of the life in the White House during the summer war with Spain and detailed account of the preliminaries of peace. McKinley is made to assume responsibility for our retention of the Philippines, and although the reasons he gave in 1899 are printed in full, the searcher for causes is left as much in the dark as ever as to the forces that brought the decision. Taft said of McKinley, "He had such a good heart that the right thing to do always occurred to him." Perhaps that is the explanation. McKinley was stating the same more impersonally when he said, "The currents of destiny flow through the hearts of the people."

After reading the diary of Cortelyou and the explanations of McKinley it is a relief to turn to the letters of John Hay and to the recorded conversations of Elihu Root. Hay wrote from England on the eve of the Spanish war: "Earl Grey said yesterday, 'Why do not the United States borrow our navy to make a quick job of Cuba. They could return us the favor another time.' I had a serious talk with Mr. Chamberlain the other night. He is extremely desirous of a close alliance with us, or if that is prevented by our traditions, of an assurance of common action on important questions. 'Shoulder to shoulder,' he said, 'we could command peace the world over.'" In July, Hay talked at length with Count Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador to England. He wrote McKinley: "The German government is most anxious that we shall be convinced of the friendliness of their attitude and intentions; they also want us to understand that they wish a few coaling-stations in the Pacific that they think we may give them. . . . At the same time I judge . . . that whatever we do or refuse to do, so that our action and our words are pitched in diplomatic tones—not putting any affront on them which they shall be forced to take up—they will not quarrel with us."

A month later Hay wrote:

"I have no doubt that Germany has been intriguing both with Aguinaldo and with Spain. They are most anxious to get a foothold there; but if they do there will be danger of grave complications with other European Powers." These complications seemed to threaten again while Hay was secretary of state and we were engaged in the allied campaign against the Boxers. The eyes of the secretary, if not those of his chief, were wide open. He wrote Adee, "The talk of the papers about our preëminent moral position giving us the authority to dictate to the world is mere flap-doodle."

Mr. Olcott adds some material to our knowledge of the struggle over the vice-presidential nomination in the preliminaries of the convention of 1900. It is clear that Root's refusal was final; it is clear that Fairbanks was not asked by McKinley; it is clear that the private wire to the White House had other messages than those of Hanna. In the early morning hours of Thursday, June 21st, George W. Perkins of New York telephoned from Philadelphia to the White House: "I saw Governor R. when I got here; talked with him on the subject of the great responsibility; also said there were other states besides New York, and also emphasized the fact of the statement made that great responsibility and honor had been added to the office of Vice-President and that it had been very much elevated, and it was well known it should be occupied by someone who was high minded, of great statesmanship and ability. He seemed very much pleased, indeed, to have me call. . . ." Is this not helpful and is it not prophetic of later events?

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Fifteen years have elapsed since the assassination of McKinley, years in which the outcome of his domestic and foreign policies has become clearer. The results now manifest have shaken somewhat the faith in "goodness" as an all-sufficient qualification for leadership. Middle-western by birth and training, thoroughly American in his outlook, devoted to one public question and that only, he developed while in the Presidency what John Bassett Moore termed "rare gifts for diplomacy." To his council table he called Root, "the lawyer he wanted to look after the islands," and Taft, of whom he said at the time he appointed him to the Philippine commission, "It is a great field for him, a great opportunity, and he will never have so good a one again to serve his country."

Let us assume, as I think we must, that he had no true conception of the forces given increased sway by the nature of the victory in 1896 and by the passage of the Dingley bill. Let us assume he never grasped the meaning and import of the industrial problems of the century he just entered. These forbid us to term him "great" even among our Presidents. Tactful to a degree unusual among politicians, upright in the meaning of that domestic term, sincere in choice of paths and performance of duty, he possessed as well ability to turn the work of other men into the channels of public activity—without in any way forsaking his place in the public eye. He seemed to embody so much that was familiar to the average man and woman. He did not mystify, he did not startle, he did not attack his neighbors. He was "one of the folks." The last of the Civil War heroes to occupy the Presidency, he had in high degree the qualities that made him the representative citizen in office of the last decade of the nineteenth century. E. E. R.

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Terse Romance

Those About Trench, by Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

TO be terse is not necessarily to be realistic. On the contrary, it is often an ingenious method of winning romance from rookeries and from the dreariest wastes of suburban flats—what Shaw once called "a wilderness of homes." American writers are adept at this. Confronted by the ash-can shabbiness of a mid-western factory town or the drab diversity of Chicago, what do some of the cleverer of them, like Mr. Lewis, do? They select the highest colors, the high-lights; they concentrate on people in moments of tension; they make the purr of a back-alley tabby or the clang of an ugly trolley-car epigrammatic of cosmic faces. Much is left unsaid. Their penchant is for short, pithy sentences, supposedly soaked with meanings deeper than the mere outward words. In these focussed bits the reader is invited to discover volumes by implication and philosophies by hint.

> Ischl gulped hard, drew out a checkbook, and wrote a check for a thousand dollars. Trench took it and tore it up.
>
> Ischl protested fiercely—"I'm going to pay you."
>
> "You haven't money enough, Mr. Ischl." Trench touched a button. Chat instantly appeared, and he was told to send the officer back.
>
> "Look here, Doc," said Ischl, "I know there's girls named Elsie in my shop. You visit my shop. If there's anything you want done, say so. I'll do it, if it puts me out of business."
>
> Trench turned upon him—at the sheer poetry of the man's first sentence.

This sort of staccato-like conversation, combined with the snap-snap of brief, quick episodes, sets the pace for the whole book. It has a cinema-like quality, and there is no denying a certain piquancy in Mr. Lewis's adroit juggling of concentrated episodes. Of course there is no pretense at the sort of glamour springing from elaborate imagery. Such a style scorns mere verbal felicity; it expresses a kind of resentment at the conventionally slow and cumulative analysis of character. Yet it would be naïve to imagine that the author's point of view, as adumbrated in this sharply and electrically "objective" story, is coldly realistic. Quite the reverse. It is the quintessence of the romantic, and it is interesting because it happens to be the sort of romanticism in great favor among American writers, disciplined by newspapers and trained in technique by our hastier periodicals. Its strong point is speed and the juxtaposition of different elements. Mr. Lewis, for instance, has several foreigners in his story and likes to contrast the Chinese point of view, epitomized in a paragraph, with the Indian point of view, epitomized in a phrase. In such stories the characters resemble nothing so much as animated marionettes and the plot, an ingenious "movie" scenario. Equipped with alertness and a complete palette of "human interest" colors, the clever writer can by this method of selection and speed extract tingling excitement out of sewing-machines or the bleak tenement districts of a mill-town. The material is indifferent.

But Mr. Lewis, who is a clever writer, is not content with such shabbiness. The beginning of the book is laid in Chicago; the end flings Saadi, the Persian student of Mr. Trench's, through the Balkans, where he is followed by Jaffer in what one might call a moving-picture "Research Magnificent." Trench is a cold, impersonal scientist, endowed with a brain in which the cams of reaction operate as noiselessly and efficiently as the switches on a telephone exchange-board. At the proper moment (near the end of the book) he reacts to the stimulus of Edith—also he has several levers of sympathy, carefully oiled in a de-emotionalized mixture of quiet intensity and preoccupation with work. He says little, but every word is pregnant with meaning. Before reacting to Edith, however, he surrounds himself with a number of idolatrous students —"Those about Trench"—all of contrasting nationalities: Saadi and Jaffer, Persians; Ameen and Becher, Jews; Deland, Yankee; Chatterjee, Hindu; Wu, Chinaman. These gentlemen live in a kind of settlement-house hospital in Chicago, study medicine and sociology, and discover the meaning of Buddha in the stock-yards. Saadi precipitates things by secretly marrying the Jewess Elsie, and then to all intents and purposes deserting her. The desertion is only outward. In reality, Saadi is bound on a tremendous mission—he foresees the great war which will result from the murder of the Archduke and tries to get to Sarajevo in time to stop it. He fails and is killed, just as Jaffer, sent by Dr. Trench to inform him of the electric news that he is to have a son by Elsie, succeeds in his purpose. Trench's faith in Saadi is never lost, and sympathetically, as it were, on the receipt of the news of Saadi's death, he and Elsie clasp each other.

Although lacking in literary merit, there are moments of unquestionable excitement in "Those about Trench." It illustrates the facility of some of our writers in gaining the effect of romance through sheer speed. It is also a very good example of what one might call implicative writings —the sense of tremendous thoughts unexpressed, epigrams by situation. The shabby world is shot through with hidden meanings. Very probably these secret realities do not exist for the author, but it is something to have aroused the suspicion of them in the reader. Mr. Lewis may be the precursor of a new school of terse romance, American style.

H. S.

The Nadir of Sociology

Society: Its Origin and Development, by H. K. Rowe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IT was revealed to Professor Rowe of the Newton Theological Institute that "to win its rightful place in the world sociology must become a science for the people. We need," he thought, "reassurance of the value and the possibility of normal human relations." So in three hundred and ninety-two numbered paragraphs he has told us the whole story. We ought to render due thanks for this great gift.

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